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No. 344.

## THE PAUSE BETWEEN.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

Oh, would that your thoughts I could read,  
In the silence that lies between,  
Your soft voice, so sweet, so serene,  
When my eyes so fondly plead.  
The spell holds me breathless the while,  
In the silence followed by fear,  
When the music's still on my ear  
Of the words you wrenched in a smile.  
There's pleasure, and yet there is pain,  
In the pause that follows my words,  
Which alternate sweeps the heart's chords  
With a thrill and with a refrain.  
Ah, darling, allow me to guess  
Why you droop your eyelids so shy,  
And dwell on that love laden sigh;  
Am I right in surmising it "Yes?"  
Though you no word yet have spoken,  
Your mild eyes gaze in mine,  
From which I see love's beacon shine,  
Tell me that the silence is broken.  
The blush on your cheek cannot screen  
Your secret that's out now at last,  
And my doubts and fears are all past,  
That came in your sweet pause between.

## The Phantom Spy; OR, THE PILOT OF THE PRAIRIE.

BY BUFFALO BILL,

(HON. WM. F. CODY.)

AUTHOR OF "DEADLY EYE," "THE PRAIRIE  
ROVER," "KANSAS KING," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER VIII.

BRAVO BOB AT WORK.

WHEN BRAVO BOB lowered the package to  
Prairie Pilot, by the aid of a string made by  
cutting his blanket into strips, he drew up the  
line when he felt it relieved of its burden, and  
at once began to descend the other slope of the  
hill range.

After a walk of a mile he came to a small  
valley, thickly overgrown with grass, and  
through which trickled a stream of clear water.

Here, unsaddled and picketed out, were two  
steeds. One was the property of Bravo Bob,  
the other none other than Racer, whom the  
guide had caught running loose upon the prairie,  
and who, recognizing him, instantly trotted  
up to him.

"Well, old fellows, you have had a rich  
feast and good rest; now to work!" said Bravo  
Bob, kindly, and he at once set to work to saddle  
and bridle the steeds.

Giving them a drink from the cool spring, he  
then mounted his own horse, and, followed by  
Racer, rode along around the edge of the valley.

After a short ride he halted at the foot of  
the hill leading up to the rear side of the chasm,  
and hitching the two animals, ascended cautiously  
the steep path, until, in the moonlight, he  
discovered the bold face of the cliff, and the  
figure that he knew was the cut-in dividing  
the mountain in twain.

"Now I must be cautious, or I'll have to use  
my rifle, and that might spoil all," he muttered,  
and throwing himself upon the ground he  
wormed along like a snake, slowly and noiselessly  
drawing nearer to a large boulder, where he  
knew, from his observation taken in the day-  
time, the two guards were stationed.

It was fully an hour before he drew near the  
boulder, against which stood the form of a  
man, gazing at the moon as it arose above the  
distant hills.

At his feet, close against the rock, lay a muffled  
form, the other guard, wrapped in sleep,  
doubtless.

Bravo Bob was now within twenty feet of  
the guards, and the moonlight shining full in  
his handsome face showed that it was marred  
by a look of stern determination.

"It is a pity, and a dirty job, but I must do  
it."

"If he was an Indian I would not hesitate;  
still, Prairie Pilot must not die!"

So saying, Bravo Bob arose quickly and silently  
to his feet; his knife was held in his up-  
raised right hand, and then glittered like a  
wheel of diamonds in the moonlight as it was  
hurled with unerring and terrible force at the  
silent and unsuspecting guard.

Fair and deadly it struck him in the neck,  
crunching through bone and muscle, and sending  
the strong man quickly to the ground.

With two mighty bounds Bravo Bob threw  
himself upon the half-awake and recumbent  
guard, and a clutch of iron was upon his  
throat.

"Struggle one instant and you shall die," he  
sternly cried in the bandit's ear, while with his  
other hand he held a pistol to his head.

"You hold the winning hand, pard," said the  
man, as Bravo Bob released his clutch upon his  
throat.

"Yes, and I intend to win the game. Your  
comrade lies there, dead, as you see, and you  
shall quickly follow him if you are not willing  
to do as I ask you."

"You want me to betray my comrades?"

"No! I wish you to lead me, singly, into  
their camp. Are you afraid of a single man?"

"No, and if you are willing to take the  
chances, come on; but you must be crazy."

"I am not crazy; I only have a duty to per-  
form."

"Lead me to the spot I desire, and back here,  
and I ask no more."

"Then I will spare your life; attempt to be-  
tray me, and you shall die."

"When am I to be free?"



"Struggle one instant and you shall die," he cried, while with his other hand he held a pistol to his head.

"Upon my return to this spot; I will then  
bind you and leave you here for the morning  
guard to find you—or—"

"Or what?"

"I will carry you with me a few miles, and  
release you in time to return here by daylight;  
and then you can tell what he you please, about  
being attacked, your comrade being killed and  
you beating back the enemy single-handed."

"A drowning man catches at a straw," my old  
Sunday-school teacher used to say, when urging  
me to catch at religion as a means of salva-  
tion, so I will accept your terms," disconsolately  
replied the bandit, whose whole manner and  
conversation proved that he had seen better days  
ere he entered upon a life of crime.

Searching his prisoner to see that he had no  
arms secreted about his person, and drawing his  
knife from the stiffening neck of the other  
guard, Bravo Bob securely bound his captive's  
hands, and holding firmly on to his arm, bade  
him proceed.

The bandit at once led off, and approaching  
the cut in the cliff, entered it, and moved rapidly  
on in the darkness, for over and on on they  
would have to pass through a rocky tunnel.

After a walk of ten minutes they came to  
where a large mass of rock had fallen, forming  
a huge cavern beneath.

When about to enter into the darkness of  
this, from the indistinct light that penetrated  
down into the canon, a stern voice suddenly  
cried:

"Hold! on your lives halt!"

Both Bravo Bob and his prisoner were mo-  
mentarily startled by the sudden challenge; but  
the former cried quickly:

"The Prairie Pilot—hoop-la!"

"Bob, old fellow, a moment more and I  
would have called in your cheeks; but who have  
you here?" and, springing forward, out of the  
darkness of the cavern, Prairie Pilot confronted  
his friend.

"This is one of the guards at the mouth of  
the canon."

"And the other is—?"

"In the devil's employ; but come, we have  
no time to tarry—where is your fellow cap-  
tive?"

"Here!—Miss Radcliff, this is my friend  
Bravo Bob, the best scout on the plains," and  
at the introduction Ruth came forward and  
clasping the hand of Bravo Bob, said feel-  
ingly:

"And to whom we, in a great measure, owe  
our escape."

"Now, Bob, we'll be off. Come."

Again the bandit led by his captor by  
his side, and in a few moments more they  
came out at the front of the cliff.

At the sight of the dead guard Ruth shudder-  
ed, and drew closer to the Prairie Pilot, while  
Bravo Bob said quickly:

"Now, my man, you have done your part of  
our contract—will you have us bind you and  
leave you here, or carry you with us a few miles  
and turn you loose?"

"The latter would look best for me—for if I  
am suspected by my comrades my life is not  
worth a peso."

"All right; come on."

Again Bravo Bob led the way, the Prairie  
Pilot quietly taking Ruth up in his strong arms  
and carrying her down the steep and rocky hill-  
side, for, retarded as she was by her long skirt,  
and wearing light shoes, she could not have easily  
walked.

"Miss Radcliff can ride your horse, Bob,  
while we walk," said Prairie Pilot, as they  
reached the foot of the hill.

"Not so bad as that, comrade, for I have the  
Racer with me."

The delight of Prairie Pilot was unbounded,  
and the next moment he stood beside his gal-  
lant steed, and warmly patted his neck, while  
the faithful animal seemed overjoyed and whin-  
nied in a low, happy tone.

"Miss Radcliff, I can give you a seat behind  
me, for Racer can easily do double duty," said  
Prairie Pilot, and raising Ruth to her seat, he  
the next moment sprung into his saddle, and  
Bravo Bob having mounted, with his prisoner  
behind him, the party set off at a slow trot  
through the forest.

A ride of several miles brought them to a  
valley, and here the prisoner was told to dis-  
mount and return to his post, which he gladly  
did, thanking Bob kindly for his life, and the  
next moment disappearing in the gloom of the  
timber.

"Now, Bravo, it is a hundred miles to the  
fort, and we must push on rapidly, for both  
the Racer and your horse can stand it—if Miss  
Radcliff can!"

"I can stand any fatigue to once more reach  
home," earnestly replied Ruth, and at a rapid  
pace the two animals were urged forward in  
their flight from the bandit camp of the Her-  
mit Chief.

### CHAPTER IX.

THE RETURN.

BLUE WATER settlement was a bevy of pleas-  
ant prairie farms, with a fort on the river, and  
within easy call, in case of danger from Indians  
on the war-path and marauding bands of out-  
laws, who often raided upon the pioneer settlers  
of the frontier.

The settlement acknowledged as its head a  
wealthy settler by the name of Amos Arlington,  
a man of fifty years of age, and a genial  
gentleman.

Once Amos Arlington had been a wealthy  
planter in Arkansas, but the death of his wife,  
whom he loved almost to idolatry, caused him  
to dispose of his plantation, and leaving his  
only child, a daughter of eight years of age,  
with his sister, he emigrated to the far West,  
and settled upon the place where he dwelt at  
the time of the opening of this story.

Around him had gathered other settlers, un-  
til they formed a pleasant community, and near  
them was the fort, with a hundred soldiers and  
a dozen officers, several of whom had their wives  
with them.

The commandant of the fort, and one order-  
ed there a week before this story opens, was  
Colonel Arthur Radcliff, a man under forty  
years of age, although his daughter, Ruth, was  
eighteen years of age.

Colonel Radcliff was a dashing, handsome  
man, a severe, almost cruel disciplinarian, who  
had passed his military life mostly in forts on  
the Atlantic coast.

The coming of the colonel and his beautiful  
daughter to the outpost was a happy event for  
those stationed there, and doubly glad were the  
younger officers and gallants of the settlement,  
when they learned that Ida Arlington, the  
daughter of the settler, came with them, the  
two maidens having been schoolmates, and of  
course delighted that they would still be near  
each other, for they were the best of friends.

Under the care of Colonel Radcliff, Ida had  
come West, and was lovingly welcomed by the  
father, and warmly greeted by all.

It was when riding over to see her friend  
Ida that Ruth Radcliff had suddenly ridden up-  
on a small party of bandit scouts, and had been  
carried off to the stronghold.

When she did not return at night, her father  
rode over to the Arlington homestead, and  
learned with horror that she had not been there.

At once the alarm was spread, and the set-  
tlers and soldiers joined in the search; but  
morning came and no tidings were had of the  
missing girl.

Then a scout discovered the strange trail of  
the bandit party, and with it was mingled the  
hoof-tracks of Ruth's horse, and it was known  
that she was captured.

But by whom?  
That was the vexing question, and in almost  
despair her father headed a scouting party, and  
followed the trail.

But, after half a day's journey it was lost on  
the prairie by fresher and larger trails, and  
they knew not which way to go.

At length they took the trail leading south-  
ward, and came upon a hunting party of In-  
dians, whom the impetuous colonel at once at-  
tacked.

After the loss of two soldiers and a dozen  
of the red-skins, it was discovered that they were  
not the guilty kidnapers, but in despair Colo-  
nel Radcliff ordered a return to the fort, hoping  
against hope that his daughter might have re-  
turned, or been discovered by some of the other  
parties who had gone forth in search of the  
missing maiden.

But, after an absence of several days, the  
sorrowing father found that no trace of poor  
Ruth could be found, and almost heart-broken,  
he could do no more than to again send forth  
spies and scouts, offering a large reward for  
any tidings of the maiden.

The evening of the fourth day since the dis-  
appearance of Ruth was approaching, and with  
nervous tread, hands clasped behind him, and  
head bent down, Colonel Radcliff was pacing  
to and fro in front of his quarters, when a wild  
shout startled him from his reverie.

Glancing quickly up he saw two horsemen  
approaching him at a gallop, and behind the  
one mounted upon a superb black horse he  
caught sight of a girlish form and long flutter-  
ing skirt.

Tottering forward, for he was weak from  
very joy, he caught in his outstretched arms  
his restored daughter, who, with a flood of joy-  
ous tears, laid her head upon her father's breast.

A few words then told all, and Prairie Pilot  
and Bravo Bob having dismounted, were pre-  
sented to the colonel by the happy Ruth.

"I have heard of you, sir, ere I came West,  
and often since I have been on the border—you  
are a scout, I believe?" and the colonel grasped  
the hand of Prairie Pilot.

"I am, sir."

"And I have much to thank you for, and  
you, too, my friend, more than I can ever re-  
pay; but still, I can give you a position with  
me, sir, and your companion, too."

"Will you accept the position of chief of  
scouts for this post?"

"Colonel Radcliff, I did but my duty, sir,  
toward your daughter. I deserve no thanks or  
reward for it. I am a scout, a guide, a hunter,  
anything that men choose to call me, and so is  
my friend, Bravo Bob."

"As you offer me a position with you, I ac-  
cept it, but as no reward for my services. Yet  
Bob, here, must be second to me in rank, for to  
him is due the greater praise, if to any one."

"You shall both remain with me, for I am  
not pleased with either of the scouts or guides  
now at the post—at least there are none of  
them fit for leaders, and I came hither for  
work."

Thus it was decided, and Prairie Pilot and

Bravo Bob at once were installed in their new  
quarters, greatly to the pleasure of all at the  
fort, and also of the settlers, who were glad to  
feel that two such famous scouts were to be in  
their midst, for after off was echoing the rum-  
ble of an Indian war, which the attack of Colo-  
nel Radcliff a few days before upon an innocent  
band—at least innocent of the charge of kidnap-  
ing Ruth—had done much to kindle into  
flame.

Then again the Hermit Chief and his outlaw  
band were beginning to grow daily more bold  
and troublesome, and the settlers, as well as the  
soldiers, were preparing for stirring times.

With the greatest joy Ida Arlington wel-  
comed her friend back, and the two maidens  
held a long talk together over the adventures  
of Ruth, who told Ida how noble and brave was  
the Prairie Pilot.

"He certainly is the handsomest man I ever  
saw, not excepting my splendid Rafael," said  
Ida.

"He is, indeed, and Bravo Bob is a splendid  
fellow, too. If it were not for Rafael Ran-  
dolph I believe you would love him, Ida."

"As you do his friend, Prairie Pilot, eh?"

"Nonsense, Ida," and Ruth's face turned  
crimson.

"Well, I predict that it will not be 'non-  
sense, Ida,' and that you will love the scout as  
dearly as he loves you—"

"Loves me?"

"Yes, how could he help it? But, I declare,  
Ruth, how strange it is that we two, who were  
belles in New York, should slight the city  
beaux and find men to love on the frontier of  
the far West!"

"Strange, but true, Ida."

"Ha! you admit it, then?"

"I admit that I never saw a man who held  
the influence over me which the Prairie Pilot  
does, and yet I do not even know his name."

"Well, I hope true love will run smooth in  
both cases, and that you can marry your hero  
next fall, when I do Rafael."

"What! do you intend to marry so soon,  
Ida?"

"Yes; I have told my father all, and when  
Rafael visits us in a month or two, as he said  
he would, and proves all I hope of him, we will  
be married."

"Why, it is only a few weeks since you met  
him—"

"Yes, but you remember he saved my life,  
when that Indian chief seized me and bore me  
away from camp, when I refused to become  
Mrs. Big-Bear-with-the-long-claw."

"True, he saved your life, and is a hand-  
some fellow, and though apparently a little  
wild, seemed to be a good fellow; but, do you  
know him, or ought of him?"

"Ruth, he says he is the son of a wealthy trader  
in Texas, and, fond of a life on the plains, is his  
father's business agent out here. We traveled  
two weeks together, you know, coming West,  
and I feel that I know Rafael thoroughly.  
Certain it is that I love him."

"I hope you will find him all you believe  
him to be, Ida—but—but—"

"Ruth, what do you know of the Prairie Pi-  
lot?"

"Nothing," and as she replied Ruth Rad-  
cliff's face became crimson, for she felt that the  
tables had been turned upon her, when she was  
moralizing with Ida upon loving a young man  
who had joined their caravan by accident, for  
Rafael Randolph had been riding along over  
the prairie one night when they suddenly flitted  
by him two dark forms.

A cry, a woman's voice, sent him in chase,  
and after a desperate encounter with a huge  
Indian chief of the Sioux, he had slain him and  
rescued Ida Arlington from his power, for, a  
hunter for the train going West, he had seen  
and loved the maiden, whom he had seized  
and borne away with him.

From that night Rafael Randolph continued  
on with the train, until it neared Blue Water set-  
tlement, when he left, taking a southern trail, and  
promising before long to see the beautiful girl  
whom he had rescued from a fearful fate, and  
who had promised to become his wife.

Thus was it that both Ruth and Ida had met  
with a strange and thrilling adventure, and  
both learned to love the men who had rescued  
them from their danger.

### CHAPTER X.

PRAIRIE PILOT AT BAY.

The hope of the maidens, "that their true  
love would run smoothly," was certainly not  
realized in the case of Ruth, for her father,  
Colonel Radcliff, was a keen-sighted man, and  
it took him a very short while to discover not  
only that Prairie Pilot loved his daughter with  
all the strength of his strong nature, but also  
that she returned that love; for, a deep reader  
of human nature, the colonel read Ruth's se-  
cret while others only suspected it.

True, the scout was a gentleman, and cer-  
tainly a thoroughly educated one, and his man-  
ners were as polished as those of any society  
beau; but then, over his life hung a mystery,  
and his real name was not even known at the  
fort.

On entering upon his duties as chief of  
scouts, Prairie Pilot at once set to work to dis-  
cipline his force, and soon had under his com-  
mand as brave and efficient a set of hunters,  
guides and scouts as any fort could desire, and  
his services to the commandant soon became in-  
valuable.

But then, he had been engaged to scout, not  
to make love, and Colonel Radcliff could not  
forgive him the offense of loving his daugh-  
ter.

Upon the part of Prairie Pilot he seemed  
ever on the lookout to serve the interests of







The outlaws under Joaquin rode away from Hard Luck at a moderate trot, their chief bringing up the rear, and occasionally halting to listen for any sounds of pursuit. The gloom concealed a grim smile as nothing of this sort met his ear, and then he gave the word for more rapid riding, eager to reach his mountain retreat—and Clarina—once more, knowing right well that his trail would be taken up with the first gleam of day, if not before.

Little Volcano was now riding upright in the saddle, with Zimri seated behind him guiding the doubly-laden horse. Though he had ceased his struggles, finding them in vain while his hands were still confined, he did not spare his tongue.

"This night's work divides us forever, old man," he said, his voice trembling with anger. "The worst was over. I had stood my trial, and on the evidence no man could have brought me in guilty. Now—what can they think? Ten thousand witnesses could not convince them of my innocence. Who will believe that Joaquin took all this trouble to aid one not belonging to his band? From this night on I am a marked man, to be run down and shot or hung like a dog! And I owe it all to you—the man I called my friend!"

"A friend I've bin an' a friend I'll be, long as life an' breath lasts, little 'un," quietly replied Zimri Coon. "You can't rub that out with hot words. I did what I judged was for the best; if I made a mistake, 'twas through love o' you, lad. Mebbe I be a old fool, as you say; most like I be. Mebbe I'd orter lay low an' let them devils—fer devils they are when once they git that mad up—hang you fer what you never did. But that ain't my idee o' what a friend should be. I did the best I could."

"And that best was the worst you could have done," muttered Little Volcano, gloomily.

Through the rest of that night Joaquin led his men on through the hills, never once pausing until the sun arose. Then, beside a mountain spring, they turned their animals loose to feed at will.

Little Volcano had been thinking, during that ride, and as he cooled down, he realized the injustice of which he had been guilty. Now, as he sat beside Zimri, withdrawn a little from the body of the outlaws, he brought himself to confess as much. The eager light which filled the old man's eyes, the nervous quiver with which his fingers clasped the boy miner's hand, was eloquence beyond words.

"Then words is wuth more to me, lad, then ef they was solid dimints—Lord love ye, honey! I tried to make out I didn't deg much, but ef I'd bin daylight, little 'un, I'd see my sister's cats up a tree! ef you wouldn't have seed salt water runnin' like a pump! I am a old fool, jest as you said—the idee!"

"You drop that, old man," muttered Little Volcano, not without some emotion as he wrung Zimri's hand. "I was well-nigh crazy, then, and I said more than I meant. You didn't what you thought was right. You couldn't have even guessed the turn matters had taken after you left. After all, there are other countries than California."

"Wherever you go, that I'll go, either as your pardner, or a-follerin' you—that's flat. An' some day or other, I'll make up for this mistake—I will, if I live."

"If you don't drop it, as I said, blest ef I don't crawl up your back and chew your ear—and that's flat!"

"You can't, with them bracelets on," grinned Zimri, entering into the spirit of the boy miner. "Well, they's one comfort. Joaquin says he's got a faller in camp as kin pick any lock ever was 'vented'."

"I only wish we could get rid of them by any other means," muttered Little Volcano. "The good will of such men is little better than their hatred. Since I first met him, I've had nothing but bad luck. I've a good mind to give him the slip now, and run the risk of getting them off."

"There is no need of that, senor," quietly said the outlaw, turning toward them with a faint smile. "You are your own master. Whenever you feel like leaving us, I will bid you God speed. When Joaquin makes a friend, it is for life. Whatever is mine, is yours."

Little Volcano made no reply, but none the less did he feel that he was and had been ungrateful, after what the outlaw had ventured in his cause.

Shortly afterward the horses were caught and the ride was resumed, nor did they halt again until the little valley was reached, and the outlaws were warmly greeted by their women.

Joaquin looked at Little Volcano a little doubtfully, but then called one of his men, who quickly removed the handcuffs. At a motion, the boy miner followed Joaquin into one of the tents.

The outlaw's wife was reclining upon a pallet of furs, but half-arose, an eager light in her eyes as they entered. With a strange bashfulness, Little Volcano approached and received the warm thanks, almost caresses of Clarina, as the preserver of her life. He could only stammer a few words of acknowledgment, and retreated as quickly as possible. Joaquin followed him, carrying a brace of revolvers, with an ammunition belt, which he pressed upon the boy miner.

"You must take them," persisted the outlaw. "There is no blood upon them, and if you persist in leaving us, they will not come amiss. I would offer you horses, but—they might get you into trouble, as we do not have any papers to prove our ownership. Now, my friend—though I wish you would cast your lot with us—you are free as air. Only—remember, sometimes, that Joaquin Murietta is not all devil!"

## CHAPTER XXX.

## SLEEPY GEORGE AT WORK.

"I DID the best I knowed how—swore jest what you told me to do, 'n' I don't see what you're crawlin' up my back fer—how could I help it?" snarled Sleepy George, looking sideways at his master, much like a cur that longs to bite, but dreads the consequences.

"You made an infernal botch of it from first to last, and proved yourself a bigger fool than even I thought you—more than that couldn't be said," coolly retorted Long Tom, knocking the ashes from his cigar.

The past night had wrought some startling changes in the town of Hard Luck and more than one of its inhabitants.

Joaquin had been suffered to retreat, taking with him the late prisoner, unmolested after the first volley. Then every energy was directed toward the fires. Though there was comparatively no wind, the flames spread rapidly, leaping from shanty to cabin, from tents to the roofs of dug-outs, as though bent upon entirely destroying the town. Owing to the scarcity of water, or rather means to handle it, there was only one way to fight the fire, and that method was promptly adopted. A score or more buildings were torn down—an easy task with such flimsy structures. This was sufficient. The conflagration was checked, and before long died entirely out. Few of the more prominent buildings had suffered. For obvious reasons Joaquin's men had avoided the more frequented quarters, or houses where lights denoted occupants. By this chance both Long

Tom's gambling-house and the "Miner's Rest" escaped.

The moment all danger was over, Sheriff Hayes demanded and received the attention of the begrimed miners. His speech was short but pointed. Joaquin had given them the dare, once again; and it should be the last. He did not call for volunteers; he simply bade every man be ready to take the trail with the first gleam of day.

Meantime, Sleepy George had strolled idly toward the spot where Long Tom lay—not, however, to weep over the corpse of his late master. Satisfied that no one was watching him, the bummer's hand stole swiftly into Long Tom's pocket—then a sharp yell of terror broke from his lips. A cold hand grasped his arm—there was a metallic click—and a low voice hissed in his ear:

"They heard your cry and are coming here; promise to do what I wish of you, or I'll tell them you were trying to rob me—quick! promise, or—"

"I'll do it—I'll do it," gasped Sleepy George, who knew from experience how little it required to set such a mob on fire; still less, after what had already transpired.

The hasty shot fired by Zimri Coon had failed to work his will. Unless making close allowance, one is certain to overshoot, in the night-time. This was the case now, and Long Tom, though stunned, received nothing more than a scalp-wound. The actions of Sleepy George aroused him completely.

The rescue of Little Volcano by Joaquin had changed many things. Whatever verdict the jury might have brought in, had matters been allowed to take their usual course, can only be surmised; but had they been called upon for one now, there would have needed no deliberation. With this came a change toward Long Tom, who had, at the risk of his life, exposed the outlaws' plot. He was set free, and even honored by some because he had labored hard for the conviction of the prisoner.

With the day-dawn, Sheriff Hayes, with Arkansas Jack as his "right bow," rode out of Hard Luck at the head of forty men, meaning to bring in Joaquin's scalp or lose his own. Neither Long Tom nor Sleepy George offered their services; both wounded, they had a good excuse for not serving.

"It doesn't much matter, though, as things have turned out," resumed Long Tom. "That young devil is as good as dead. Jack Hayes will hunt him down like a wolf, so we can count him out of the game. But there's that other—Crazy Billy. Twice you made a wretched botch there of a job a child could do! You are growing worse than useless, old man. Unless there are changes for the better, and that soon, you'll have to be looking out for some other location. I want men around me!"

"You want me to try agin'—is that what you meant, out yonder?" muttered Sleepy George, but with an evident air of relief.

"Yes; and the sooner you do it the better will your pay be."

"I won't try it on alone; you must let in my two mates, anyhow. They's no tellin' who a body may run against up in the hills. Let them in and I'll do it inside o' two days."

"Take as many as you please; the pay will be the same, though. And if you let in any new hands, keep a close tongue; I have dealings only with you—you will pay them their share; remember that."

Hainfat an' Cockeye is all I ax, boss, an' I don't reckon you need hev any fear o' them," grinned the bummer.

Glad to escape so easily, Sleepy George lost no time in seeking out his comrades in crime, whom he found playing draw poker for drinks, in their shanty, with a jug between them, from which the winner of each game took a horn. But on his entrance the pasteboards were cast aside, and they listened to the bummer's story with no little interest. The reward offered was ample, yet the worthy pair seemed to be somewhat crossed by recent events.

"They's money in it, es you say," said Cockeyed Waddell. "But 'tain't wuth the risk. They's a heap better lay-out waitin' on us, ef we kin only strike it. You know we own that placer; what's to hinder us from turnin' honest diggers, an' makin' our 'pendent fortune—"

"Jack Hayes," dryly interrupted Sleepy George. "I don't reckon 'twould be healthy fer the feller as jumps that claim onto he gits his permission; any how I don't keer much about tryin' it on. But they's another lay—that's the gold them fellers stole from us—"

"What?" was the eager, simultaneous inquiry.

"It goes with this job," grinned the bummer. "Share an' share alike, ef you go in with me. What's the word?"

There was little need of his asking this question; there could be but one answer. And then Sleepy George grew more circumstantial.

The gold which had been given into charge of Jack Hayes, still lay within the log "jug," covered over with a pile of old sacks. It had been utterly forgotten in the confusion and excitement following the rescue.

"We'll rig up as if fer a long trip—if any body axes us we'll tell 'em we're gone to look fer the varmints as robbed us of our honest secret. We'll leave this sometime afore night. We'll strike into the hills an' lay low fer darkness. Then we'll mosey back here, watch our chance, slip in the jug, pocket the slum an' when they find out it's gone, they can't none on 'em pick onto us takin' it." And Sleepy George fairly chuckled over his brilliant plan.

"It's even shares, 'member," put in Hain-fat Zack.

"Honest Injun!" and so the matter was settled.

The trio quickly perfected their arrangements, even inviting notice. Pet Pete gave them a friendly warning; he didn't think it would be healthy working on that placer until Sheriff Hayes had settled the question of ownership.

"We don't 'tend to strike a lick thar," candidly replied the bummer. "Nur we don't mean to let anybody else do it, nuther. The chances is them two cusses 'll try to play bugs onto us, by slippin' in thar while they're bein' looked fer some other place. Ef they do—we'll fetch 'em in camp, dead or alive, you bet!"

Pet Pete laughed shortly. Though he said nothing, he did not believe that trio would care much about meeting Little Volcano and old Zimri, after what had passed.

As already arranged, the three men took to the hills and patiently bided their time. The night fell, dark and threatening a storm. Everything seemed favoring them. By ten o'clock they had returned and entered the town, stealing along unseen, reaching the log cabin and crouching down close to its walls until the moment for action should come. The delay was not long. The streets of Hard Luck seemed completely deserted, particularly as the rain began to fall in blinding torrents. Satisfied that there was no danger of discovery, the three men glided around the building and opening the door, entered. A low growl of delight broke from Sleepy George's lips as he felt the bag containing the gold. He would have car-

ried it out himself, but that did not suit his comrades. As nearly as possible in the dark they divided the gold, then they stole away through the darkness and storm, eager to reach some place where it would be safe for them to halt and examine the prize. This spot was soon after reached; deep down in a ravine, where a projecting ledge made an admirable "lean-to" camp. Here a fire was kindled, with some difficulty, and by its rays the gold was examined. A division was attempted, but that was soon found to be impossible. They had no leader. Neither was willing to take the chances of "guessing." Finally it was resolved to cache the treasure, where it should remain until they had performed Long Tom's work. Then they could choose their time, and seek more congenial quarters, to begin a new life with their gold.

The storm cleared off sometime before day, and the worthy trio picked their way through the hills toward the cave inhabited by their intended victim. It was truly wonderful what a strong affection had sprung up between them in that one night! If either chanced to fall behind for a moment, two pairs of eyes were instantly searching for him. Never were three men who stuck together more closely than these!

"We're most thar," cautiously muttered Sleepy George. "Keep your eyes skinned. The cuss may be out, somers. Ef he sets eyes on us, the jig's up fer keeps. He ain't hafe the fool he pears to be."

Cautiously, stealthily as red-skins upon the war-path the assassins stole forward, nearing the hermit's cave by degrees, their eyes roving over every rock and point of the hillside, but nothing was seen of their game. Not a sound came from the cave.

"Pick your ground, fellers," muttered Sleepy George. "Take kiver whar you kin hide your starns as well as figger-heads. They's no tellin' which way the varmint may come, ef he's out. Keep your shooters ready fer work, but don't use 'em ontel you hear me shoot. Then, if I don't down him, open on him, hot and heavy. Understand?"

They did understand, and said as much. They sought cover, each in a clump of bushes, within easy range of the cave, and composed themselves to wait as patiently as possible.

Hour after hour passed without interruption, and they began to fear that their game had taken to flight, when suddenly a curious sound startled them. Faint and indistinct, vaunting yet ironical, for a time the assassins were at a loss to understand its purport. But then it grew louder and clearer, until they knew that some being was singing, within the hermit's cave. They cocked their weapons, and eagerly peered out at the vine-masked entrance.

The singing died away, and for a moment all was still. Then the ambushed men's eyes glowed as they saw the vines vibrate, then slowly move aside. Crazy Billy stepped forth; and stood like a statue of stone, gazing fixedly down the valley.

Sleepy George leveled his rifle, and took a long and deliberate aim. Then his finger touched the trigger. A sharp report—a puff of smoke; then he peered breathlessly through the bushes. He saw Crazy Billy reel back, then fall heavily forward.

With a wild cry of triumph, he sprang from his ambush.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 235.)

## DEATH OF CUSTER.

BY HARRIET ESTHER WARNER.

Oh! why do ye weep for the slumbering soldier,  
And why do ye mourn for the spirit that's fled?  
As ye bring some loved tribute to lay on his coffin,  
Ye murmur in blindness, "A hero is dead."

Not dead! But gone to existence eternal;  
Not sleeping! But dwelling in mansions of love;  
While friends here below place the cypress around him,  
The Father will crown him with laurels above.

Here, we move to the sound of the dreary death marches,  
And sable and ermine robe the forms that he loved,  
And wise men and great men in awe kneel beside him,  
And sigh for the soldier whose valor was proved.

Not funeral marches, but "Welcome home, brother."  
Was the song that was sung by a bright angel band;  
While sainted smiles in greeting, and flowers strewn  
his pathway,  
And (his was his welcome in God's sunny land.

## Hunting in the Swamp.

## MY FIRST BEAR.

BY EL ARONEL.

IT WAS in the summer-time when I went to visit my friend Charley Peyton, at his plantation in the Mississippi bottom.

Though I knew that game abounded in the vicinity of his place, and took my gun with me, the weather was so warm that I did not anticipate much sport.

I reached my destination late in the afternoon, and found Charley and a neighbor of his named Horne sitting on the front veranda.

"You are just in time for a hunt," said Peyton, after our salutations were over. "The corn is 'in the roasting ear,' and the bear have been playing the mischief with it, so we have determined to give them a turn to-morrow."

That night before we retired, guns and ammunition were examined, to see that they were all right, and everything got ready for an early start.

In the morning, after a hasty breakfast, we left the house on foot, just as the day was breaking.

Horne was armed with a small-bore Kentucky rifle, and Peyton and myself carried double-barreled shot-guns loaded with ball.

We were accompanied by Ben, a stout mulatto-man, who was a good hunter, and knew every part of the swamp. He had charge of the dogs, and the only weapon he bore was a heavy cane-knife, with a blade some eighteen inches long, which he wore thrust through his belt.

Our pack, if so it deserved to be called, consisted of some twenty dogs, and with the exception of five or six hounds, there were scarcely two of a kind; the lot was made up of "mongrel," whelp and curs of low degree.

But in the swamp, they say that "any kind of a dog will run a bear," and I found that, with the hounds to trail and lead them, unpromising as they looked, they did very well.

On arriving at the back part of the corn-field we had abundant evidence that bear had been about. Stalks were bent or broken down, and roasting-ears, which had been partly devoured, were scattered about on the ground.

The hounds struck a trail almost instantly, and were off with the other dogs, all in full cry.

We followed as fast as we could, but had better have remained stationary, for, after running about a mile in a circular course, the dogs "treed" within five hundred yards of the point from which they had started.

We all reached them about the same time, and found them barking around a large oak-tree, the limbs of which were covered with gray moss, that hung down in long festoons.

At first, we could not discover anything in the tree, though we examined it from all sides, but the dogs kept scratching at its roots, and barking.

"Perhaps it was a wild-cat," said Horne; "if so, it probably ran up this tree, jumped to another, and made off."

"No; it's a bear," said Peyton; "and there he is."

"Where?"

"Look at that large bunch of moss and thick leaves near the top of the tree; don't you see him?"

"I see something black," I replied; "but it is too small for a bear; it is not more than six inches long."

"Oh! the rest of him is hid by the leaves and moss. As you have never killed a bear you shall have the first shot. Blaze away and knock him out."

With a tremulousness of hand which I could not control, I raised my gun, took aim, and fired.

"A clean miss," said Horne.

"I'll bring him down this time."

Anxious to redeem myself, I fired with the other barrel, but the ball went high, and cut a twig off about six inches above the spot at which I had aimed.

The bear, alarmed by the whistling of the bullet, shifted his position, so that he lay extended on a large limb, with his head turned toward us.

"Now I'll show you how to put a bullet in his eye," said Horne, bringing his rifle to his shoulder.

Aiming carefully he fired. The bear was evidently hit, for it flinched, but did not fall.

"It's my turn now," said Peyton, raising and discharging his gun.

The heavy ball sped true to its mark; the hind legs of the bear slipped off of the limb; it clung a few seconds with its fore paws, and then came crashing through the boughs to the ground, dead.

The bear was quite young and small, but in good condition. We hung it up on a sapling, and proceeded with the hunt.

In about half an hour the dogs again gave tongue, and away we went, helter-skelter, after them.

They ran off in almost a straight line, and though we strained every nerve, and ran until we were completely "blowed," we were left so far behind that we could not hear the pack. We kept on in the direction we had been going, and in about twenty minutes heard them baying.

On coming up, we found Bruin seated on his haunches, with his back against a large tree, occasionally making a lick or a grab at the dogs, who, for the most part, kept at a respectful distance, though now and then they would dash in, and give their enemy a nip.

Encouraged by our presence, the whole pack made a rush on the bear. He seized a large brindle dog in his strong arms; there was a sharp yelp, and the next minute the luckless dog was dropped to the ground, limp and lifeless, with his ribs crushed in.

In the mean time, the dogs had seized the bear on all sides, and for a minute or two, it would have been hard to distinguish in the writhing mass, which part was dog, and which was bear.

The dogs however were so roughly handled, that they soon drew off, but not before another one was killed and several severely wounded.

The infuriated bear, his foaming jaws distended, and his tongue lolling far out of his mouth, stood in almost an erect attitude, the very picture of rage.

"Now's your chance," said Peyton, to me. "Be careful and don't shoot any of the dogs. Aim at his heart, for if you do not kill him outright, he will use up some of the pack, if he does not attack us."

Taking advantage of some bushes, that screened me from the bear's view, I approached to within twenty-five yards, and planted a ball below his left fore-leg.

On receiving the shot the bear uttered a growl, turned from me, and made a quick, convulsive bound, coming down upon and seizing a small, yellow, bottle-bred cur, that, up to this time, had been "an outside dog in the fight."

To have heard that dog howl, one would have supposed that there was a half a dozen of him, and they were all being killed by inches, but he was more scared than hurt, and was kept from getting away, more by the weight than the grasp of the bear.

The shaggy brute had received its death wound, and its feeble struggles were quickly ended by Ben's knife.

The dog, on being released from its unpleasant position, ran off about fifty yards, sat down, licked its side, gave itself a good shake, as if to satisfy itself that none of it was missing, and then commenced to bark furiously at the dead bear, saying as plainly as a dog could say it: "Who's afraid?"

"Dis be de ole one ob dem all," said Ben, examining the bear. "I nebber see such a big b'ar afore—no, nebber since I was borned."

The bear was not only very large, but as fat as butter, and weighed, after it was dressed, nearly three hundred pounds.

It was still quite early in the day, but as it had already become quite warm, Peyton proposed that we should go home.

But to this Horne objected, saying:

"I don't want to go back until I kill something."

"You are wasting your time, when you try to kill large game with that gun," said Peyton; "its bore is too small for anything but squirrels."

"It don't make much difference about the size of the bullet, if you put it in the right place, and I know how to do that, nearly every time."

"Well, I'll tell you what we will do, since you are so bloodthirsty; we can return home by the way of the big cypress brake, and if we don't find a bear or deer in there, it's not much use looking for them anywhere, after this time in the day."

This proposition I seconded, for I was pretty well used up, and had enough glory, and of running through the bushes, for one day.

On reaching the brake, Ben went into it with the dogs, and we kept along one side of it, where the walking was good.

Presently we heard the long-drawn whimper of a hound.

"Hark!" said Peyton; "there goes old Bluster; something's up, sure."

He had scarcely done speaking, when we heard the music of the whole pack.

A deer darted out of the brake and dashed away. As it crossed an open space, Horne fired, but missed.

The dogs, however, were not after the deer; they were running in the brake, and evidently on a hot scent.

Then commenced what was, to me, a weary chase. I became so completely tired out that I could scarcely move one foot after another—

so heated that, like Falstaff, I "larded the lean earth, as I walked along," and suffered all the tortments of a consuming thirst. If there ever was a man who sighed for a cool place, and a drink of water, or even the privilege of sitting down and resting, I was he.

But Horne, who was light of foot, went tearing ahead through the woods, whooping and shouting to encourage the dogs, followed by Peyton, doing his "level best," and him I managed to keep in view by almost superhuman exertions, for I was disagreeably conscious of the fact that I did not know the way to the house, and being lost in the Mississippi swamp is very far from a joke.

At length, oh, joyful sound! I heard the dogs baying; the race would soon be ended, or I would at least get a chance to rest a little.

In about two minutes came the report of Horne's rifle; then the dogs seemed running for a short distance, and again baying.

We found Horne on the edge of a small but dense thicket of vines and briars, from which proceeded the sound of growls, angry barks, and yelps, indicating that a conflict was going on between the dogs and a bear.

"They had treed the bear," explained Horne, "and I thought that I would shoot him in the eye, but, somehow or other, I didn't do it, but there's a bullet in his head somewhere."

"Yes," said Peyton, "you have just wounded him enough to make him savage, and now he's using up the dogs in that thicket, where there is no chance to shoot him."

"I'll put a stop to that," said Horne; "fire off your gun when you see me hold up my hand."

With that he laid down his gun, got up on the trunk of a fallen tree, which extended into the thicket where the fight was progressing, walked along it until he was near the combatants, drew his hunting-knife, and gave the signal. Peyton fired off his gun, the dogs seized the bear, and Horne, springing in among them, put his knife through the bear's heart, killing it instantly.

After we had dragged the slain animal out into the open woods, I said to Horne:

"Were you not running a very great risk?"

"Oh, no," he replied; "there was some danger, of course, but it is not the first time that I have killed a bear in that way, and there are men in the swamp who think nothing of doing it."

"I wonder where Ben is," said Peyton, "and the rest of the dogs? There are not half of them here."

He hallooed for Ben, but there was no answer.

"Listen," said I, "is that not the sound of dogs running on a trail?"

In a moment more we distinctly heard the cry of dogs, apparently coming toward us.

"Hurrah! we will get another bear," shouted Horne; "there must have been two of them started at the same time; the pack divided, and Ben followed the other one."

"He's making for the creek," cried Peyton. "Let us cut across here, and head him."

We hurried off, and as we were pursuing a course converging with that of the dogs and bear, we were soon near them.

The bear was keeping up a running fight, doubling in his course, and occasionally stopping to beat off the dogs that were pressing him too closely.

The barks, yelps, and snarls of the excited dogs—the rustling and cracking of the cane, and the angry growls of the bear, made an uproar which was appalling.







## INTO REST.

BY EREN K. REKFOR.

She used to sit in the doorway, a woman worn and old.  
Forsaken by the children grown hard and selfish and cold;  
A woman gray and wrinkled, and aged seventy odd,  
But not so old or so feeble as to be forsaken by God.

Her eyes had grown dim with her weeping, and her hands would tremble so  
That she could not hold her knitting, but had to let it go;  
And when she read her Bible, it was more by memory  
Than by looking at the pages whose words she could scarcely see.

There in the poorhouse doorway she sat from morn till night,  
And always up the hill-road she strained her failing sight;  
And when they asked her the reason that she always looked that way,  
She said she was looking for Johnnie, who would come for her some day.

And then, at the name of her youngest, who'd put her on the town,  
Her poor old lips would quiver, and she'd break completely down.  
"Oh, I loved them so!" she would whisper, through her sobs and many tears,  
"And to think they should desert me in my last and failing years!"

She would sit there in the doorway and whisper to herself  
Of Thomas, who was her eldest, grown greedy for worldly pelf;  
And of Martha and Deliah, who couldn't be bothered now  
By their mother, who wasn't able to even milk a cow!

But Johnnie! He was her youngest, and somehow she loved him best,  
And she thought he would surely give her a home where she could rest  
For a little time at the nightfall, after day's work was done,  
Till she went to the home of heaven where the best of all rests begun.

But when it came to the trial, the boy that she loved the best  
Had no place for his poor old mother, though room for many a guest he had;  
And the little trouble he gave himself was a little extra stir  
To get a place in the poorhouse as a good enough home for her.

Often she talked of her husband, gone heavenward years ago  
"Twas better he died when he did," she said, "for he found a home, I know;  
And if he'd lived till this time, perhaps he'd have been, like me, so,  
Sent off by his boys to the poorhouse, because he was seventy."

Sometimes she'd forget her sorrows, and her bitter sense of wrong,  
And think she was in the summers which had been gone so long;  
And her husband was beside her, and the children, at her knee,  
Were prattling till the rafters rung with merriment and glee.

Then she would call them by their names, and kiss them every one,  
And smooth their locks, and pat their heads, and help them in their fun;  
And when the evening shadows came, she'd kiss them all good-night,  
And tuck them in their little beds, and leave them till the light.

Then from her happy dreaming she'd waken suddenly,  
And weep, and wring her poor old hands, to think how it could be  
That the children she had loved so well, when men and women grown,  
Could turn their poor old mother off to end her days alone.

"I'd never been much trouble, God knows," she would moan and cry,  
"I only asked for a shelter till it came my turn to die.  
They could not give to the mother, who bore them and loved them,  
A corner; but down in the churchyard there's rest for me, I know."

So the days went by, and she waited in the open poorhouse door,  
And watched for the coming of Johnnie, who came to her no more—  
Waited, and hoped that maybe his heart would at last relent  
And give her a home and a little love ere her days on earth were spent.

One day there came to the threshold a visitor dark and grim;  
Some shrink at the sound of his footsteps, but she had welcome for him;  
For she knew that peace eternal was the offering of this guest,  
And a home that was not begrudged her, better than all the rest.

It was Death who crossed the threshold and bade her get ready to go,  
To a home that was better than any she ever knew below.  
A home where the Lord was waiting to give her back her youth,  
And her dear ones gone before her to the Hills of Eternal Truth.

"Oh, John! I am coming to you!" she cried, with a sweet, bright smile,  
Breathing over her wrinkled features, as she thought of the brief, brief while  
Ere she met her husband's kisses, and heard him softly  
"I have waited a long time, darling, for this happy, happy day!"

At the last she thought of her children, and yearned to see them all,  
And kiss them for forgiveness, before the night should fall;  
The mother-love was stronger than her memory of wrong,  
So strong, so deep, so tender, and suffering so long!

She died, just at the sunset. "Oh, John!" she cried, and smiled,  
And clasped her weary, wrinkled hands as meekly as a child;  
And then she seemed to fall asleep, her hands upon her breast,  
As children pray at nightfall, who they drop away to rest.

Yes, she had entered into rest, and found in God's fair land  
The welcome of His great, warm heart to a home not made with hands.

## Great Adventurers.

## PIZARRO,

## The Conqueror of Peru.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

In Francisco Pizarro we have a character who excites both the admiration and the detestation of mankind—admiration for his dauntless courage, detestation for his perfidious crimes; and though he came of ignoble birth, led an ignoble life, and died an ignoble death, yet he occupies a most interesting position in history. As the conqueror and destroyer of a great race, with a remarkable civilization, he was but a representative man of the Spanish adventurers following up Columbus' discoveries. Cortez, Alvarado, Narvaez, Balboa, Pizarro, Almagro, Gonzales Pizarro, Carvajal—all were monsters in cruelty; every one of them reveled in human slaughter; they enslaved men; they regarded perjury as no crime; they lust for gold, for conquest and power led them to the commission of acts which the verdict of mankind has stamped with the black seal of infamy. Historians, dazzled by their deeds, have extolled their achievements, but, measured by what they did and the spirit that animated them, they are utterly detestable.

The date of Pizarro's birth is not accurately fixed by his biographers. He was the offspring of a peasant girl—his father being a "hidalgos" (gentleman) of Truxillo, Spain, near which the future adventurer was born at the close of the fifteenth century (about 1485.) The boy grew

to young manhood as a swine-herd, receiving no education whatever. When old enough for service and moved by the spirit of adventure and the love for gold which affected all classes and conditions of Spanish society, Francisco departed for the West Indies, and there was soon recognized as one of the most adventurous of all that wild and reckless crew who sought the New World. He formed one of the corps that made a settlement at Darien, and was at St. Mary's when Balboa, returning from over the mountains, reported the discovery of the Pacific Ocean, and visions of a new empire inflamed all the troops and colonists to a white heat. Balboa did not reap the reward of command in the second expedition planned to prosecute the new search for gold and kingdoms of fabulous magnificence. The choice of leader, by election, fell upon Pedrarias. Balboa, showing signs of resistance, was beheaded. Then followed a relentless war on the Indians, friendly and hostile, until the coast for many leagues was desolated and the "conquerors" greatly enriched by the spoils. The report of the rich country and a powerful people to the south having been confirmed by many of their captives, Pedrarias transferred his colony and forces to the Pacific, designing to proceed down the coast to reach the Incas' land, but dissensions among the men prevented the movement, and the Panama colonists busied themselves in gathering gold from the natives by forays in all directions, until all were enriched.

News constantly coming of the enormous wealth of the country below called Peru, three of the Panama adventurers determined to fit out an expedition thither, at their own expense. The first to propose the scheme was Pizarro. His wealth of plunder was large, but not sufficient for equipping an expedition, so he took in as associates Diego de Almagro and an unscrupulous mercenary, but very wealthy priest, Luques. Together these three planned, worked and matured, and finally set sail from Panama in November, 1524, with one vessel, on which were one hundred and twelve men and four horses, soon to be followed by Almagro with another vessel, having on board seventy men. Numerous landings were made, in which the Spanish suffered severely. Almagro, in one encounter, lost half his force and one of his eyes. Pizarro's men dwindled by war, disease and exposure, until only one-half were fit for duty. Los Rios, who had succeeded Pedrarias, ordered the expedition to return, and all gladly obeyed save thirteen, who resolved to tarry and share Pizarro's fortunes to the end.

Still pursuing the quest, the land of the Incas seemed to recede as they went, and for six months the little force tarried at the miserable island of Gorgona; then continued on and landed at Tumbes, where they first met with significant signs of the riches to come.

Returning to Panama in December, 1527, with considerable gold and manufactured articles obtained from the peaceable Peruvians, and bearing with him three of that intelligent race to learn the Spanish language, and thus to act as interpreters, Pizarro proposed a grand scheme of conquest, but the colony lacked the necessary men and equipment; so the indomitable man made his way back to Darien, and thence to Cuba, and finally to Spain, where he received full authority to proceed, and conquer, and to rule in the name of the emperor.

Armed with this valuable commission, he returned to Cuba, Darien and Panama, and again the three associates began their work of organization and equipment. In February, 1531, they started, with three little vessels and one hundred and thirty-four infantry and thirty-six cavalry.

Pizarro was compelled to land three hundred miles north of Tumbes, but, dispatching one of his vessels to hasten forward reinforcements expected from Darien and Nicaragua, he started on his search along the coast, slaughtering people and gathering gold as he progressed. The island of Pura, in the bay of Guayaquil, was carried by storm and garrisoned as a good rendezvous and roadstead for his vessels.

The progress thus far had greatly inspired the whole troop, so that Tumbes readily fell into their hands. There Pizarro was joined by two companies of thirty men each, led by Sebastian Benalcazar and Fernando de Soto—both men of celebrity as soldiers; and thus reinforced he marched to Caxamalca, one of the imperial cities. This he entered unopposed and took possession of the palace and grounds. The reigning Inca, Atahualpa, hearing of this, proceeded in person, with a numerous retinue of his princes, nobles of the realm and leading warriors, to meet the Spaniard and to induce him to retire. Fine presents accompanied the embassy that bore the announcement of the Inca's coming.

This forewarned the Spaniard prepared for a horrible initiation of his awful work. Planting his artillery in the magnificent shrubbery of the palace garden, so that it was all hidden, and secreting, in the same way, his horsemen and most of his infantry, he awaited the Inca's approach. Atahualpa came and entered by the great gate, borne on a throne of gold, with an escort of fifteen thousand of his body-guard. As he entered a priest advanced and harangued the monarch, who paused to hear the address and its interpretation by one of the three interpreters.

He answered the peremptory demand for his submission to the authority of the King of Spain and the Church by tossing away the proffered breviary, and by returning the extended Bible with a laugh. At this impious dignity the priest cried out, and immediately the guns opened fire, the cavalry charged, and the infantry, with sword and pike, burst into the disordered and terrified mass to slaughter the "barbarian dogs." Pizarro and his staff advanced to the throne and made the Inca prisoner, but all the princes of the blood and the attendant nobles were butchered on the spot, and of that splendid host not one was spared! Those who fled were pursued by the horse and cut down, while multitudes of the people who had gathered to see their emperor were given to the sword.

This most atrocious procedure was followed by a scene of wild debauch, while the wretched Inca, a prisoner in his own palace, was—like the miserable Montezuma, under Cortez' iron grasp—forced to issue such orders as his captor chose to dictate. His prison-room was twenty-two feet long by sixteen feet in width. This room he promised to fill with gold as high as he could reach if that would procure his release. Pizarro assented, and forthwith the work of gathering the treasures of the land commenced. From all quarters it came in. Palaces, public buildings and homes were despoiled. People gave up their ornaments. The warriors stripped the coveted metal from their persons and armor: the Inca was sacred in the eyes of the nation, and if gold would restore him it should not be wanting.

Alas for the perfidy of man! When that vast pile had accumulated to the full amount pledged, it was distributed at once among the soldiery, officers and leaders, after reserving one-fifth for the royal treasury. Almagro, having just arrived on the coast with a new

body of recruits, had his and their share. All were enriched even beyond their most sanguine dreams of wealth; and then they clamored for more! The Inca was taken out and strangled publicly at the stake, and the Spaniards marched to take possession of the royal city of Cuzco, whose riches were beyond calculation. The Inca being dead, in the midst of the war of factions for his succession the sanguinary invader was master of the situation.

Among these rivals for the succession was Manco. Cajoled by the treacherous Spaniards' promises he joined their forces with his own powerful body of supporters, and thus the arch-enemy of the race was secure in his strength to grind the deceived Peruvians to the very earth.

But the people, now aroused, hastily despoiled Cuzco, and firing the public buildings, fled. Pizarro, having to fight his way, arrived in time to stay the conflagration, (October, 1534), and its destruction was then averted. It was amazingly rich in gold, precious stones, cloth and stores of all kinds. Some of the houses were even plated with gold.

The adventurers, now almost satiated with plunder, did not restrain their work of slaying and despoiling, and finally, many tiring even of this, returned to Panama and thence to Spain, to show their riches to envious eyes and to spend such a horde of rapacious men to Peru, that, ere the Peruvians were finally conquered, over five thousand Spaniards had joined Pizarro's standard. The despairing people fought everywhere, but were utterly helpless before those terrible guns and the mail-clad horses with their fierce riders, and for three years the invaders were kept at their work of destruction. Gradually the Peruvians were driven to the mountains and as gradually the Spaniards came forward and occupied the abandoned cities and estates, until, by 1537, the race was enslaved or broken forever. Spanish atrocities had blotted out a civilization that a humane hand would have saved, and Pizarro, like Cortez, gave the crown an empire crimson with the blood of innocent men.

The splendor of Cuzco was quite unique. Its houses, palaces, gardens, streets, aqueducts, temples, theaters—as well as its manufactures—all indicated an intelligence even more advanced than that found in Mexico, but wholly dissimilar. The Peruvian government was paternal and humane and the people were eminently happy and prosperous. Whence came that civilization or the race who fostered it is one of the unfathomed mysteries that conjecture, tradition and investigation alike are powerless to solve.

Pizarro did not possess his blood-stained realms in peace. Almagro, his equal associate in the enterprise, would brook no superiority of Pizarro in executive authority, or in division of territory, spoils and patronage. Consequently they quarreled, and their respective partisans formed two factions whose animosity grew until each accepted the wage of battle. Outside of Cuzco, on the plains of Salinas, April 10th, 1538, the factions met in terrible conflict. Almagro was defeated, taken prisoner and beheaded, and his followers thereafter were deprived of all public employ or rewards.

They therefore gathered at Lima, which had become the viceroy's residence and headquarters, and, headed by a son of Almagro, entered into a conspiracy to assassinate their oppressor. June 5th, 1541, nineteen of the conspirators proceeded, at the mid-day hour—when all people in that clime are at rest—to the palace of the viceroy, and marching to Pizarro's room, slew him there; then, turning their swords upon his adherents, they killed every one likely to resent his death. The streets and houses were now stained with Spanish blood. Almagro's friends were there in such force that, in three days' time, Pizarro's government was shattered and scattered, and young Almagro assumed the reins.

But he was a monster without the talents of his father, and so proceeded in his work of ruffianism and butchery as to alienate numbers of his old adherents. Like a mad brute he turned on these, and all the provinces were about to be involved in the horrors of civil war, when Vasco de Castro arrived from Spain, with authority to investigate the troubles and to assume the government in case of Pizarro's death. This gave all loyal people a rallying point. An army quickly gathered around De Castro; Almagro's forces were met, and, after a battle of unparalleled ferocity, were defeated, and Almagro perished on the scaffold.

What rapidly followed we can but briefly indicate. De Castro was superseded by Nunez—who came from Spain with the power of viceroy, and with orders especially to rescue the poor Indians from the horrible slavery to which their ferocious captors had consigned them. This the people resisted and Nunez was sent into exile. Then Gonzales Pizarro, a half-brother of the conqueror, returning from an expedition to the Amazon, found affairs ripe for his accession to power, and at once attempted to seize the government. Nunez was now recalled, and under his lead an army gathered, and an awful battle was fought under the walls of Quito (January, 1545), in which Nunez was defeated, and Pizarro acceded to power. He was soon deposed by a new viceroy, Gasca, with whom he fought and was taken prisoner and executed. And that was the last of the reign of the original conquerors—the story of whose brief exercise of political power only adds to the infamy of their first proceedings and renders the names of Pizarro and Almagro synonymous with what is abhorrent in human nature.

## Brave Barbara:

## FIRST LOVE OR NO LOVE.

## A STORY OF A WAYWARD HEART.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," ETC.

## CHAPTER XI.

## A PROPOSAL AND A PURPOSE.

There was gloom and consternation in Peter Rensselaer's home when the beautiful form of his only child—of Barbara, the beautiful, the generous, the high-spirited—was borne there and laid on the bed in her own luxurious room. The father was frantic; aunt Harlenberg deeply moved.

What would all his broad acres, his chests of mortgages and securities, his bonds, his gold and silver, his beautiful houses, his elegant furniture—what would the whole earth be to Peter Rensselaer, if his daughter were taken from him?

Nothing! nothing! nothing!

He wrung his hands, he walked about like a maniac.

Meantime, the police-surgeon, who had come from the park, and the family physician, who had been summoned on the way, examined in-

to the injuries of the still insensible young lady.

They could not give an opinion whether she would live or die. By the following day time would have settled that question. If she lived through the night she would probably recover. Her splendid physique, her perfect health, were greatly in her favor.

She was badly bruised in the left side, and there was an ugly cut on the head, from which the blood had oozed until the thick masses of purple, silky hair were glued and clotted together with the crimson tide.

Thank Heaven, the lovely, glorious features were uninjured!

Ah! how beautiful she was in her stillness and pallor!

Never, even to the fond eyes of her adoring father, had she been so faultless as when she lay stricken down in her young glory, pale, unconscious of his lamentations, the long, black lashes motionless on the ivory cheeks, the white temples stained with the frightful hue of blood.

Herman, mute, cowering, too unnerved to be of any use, after his cousin was once brought into the house, sat in her room, staring at her as if he had lost his wits, until the surgeons ordered him out, retaining only aunt Margaret to assist them while they made the necessary examination of the injuries and dressed the wound on the head.

Barbara's side was bruised and purple; but no bones were broken; the chief danger was to the brain. The wound was dressed, and during the operation she opened her eyes, moaned, and spoke a few words to her aunt, and again fainted. She was recovered by stimulants, and left dozing in a semi-conscious state, in a darkened chamber, with injunctions to Miss Harlenberg to keep her quiet and free from all intrusion. This was all that could be done. The police-surgeon went away and the physician dined with Herman in the house—though the latter could not be said to have dined, on a glass of wine and a cup of coffee which he quaffed feverishly—and the doctor remained all night, carefully watching the condition of his beautiful patient. After breakfast he decided that Miss Rensselaer would probably recover—*certainly* would if brain-fever did not set in—and the old gentleman went for joy, while Herman's heart gave a great leap in his breast.

Alas! brain-fever did set in. Barbara talked a little that afternoon, in whispers, with her aunt—who never left her bedside for more than five minutes at a time—asking if the lady had escaped the attack of the fever, and seeming pleased to hear that her own brave, rash act had at least saved the stranger's life. She wanted to speak to her father, and smiled on him, and made a motion with her pale, pretty mouth that he should kiss her; and then aunt Margaret put a veto on her talking, and soon after that she fell asleep—a tossing, troubled sleep, during which she muttered and moaned, causing the physician to look grave, as he lingered in the room until she should awaken.

When the fitful slumber was over, and the bright eyes shone out again with a wild brightness from wide-open lids there was no "speculation in them;" the dreaded delirium had possession of the fevered brain; and from that time on, for several days, all was acute suspense and the long, fierce strain of doubt and harrowing fear.

At the end of a fortnight her youth and pure blood had triumphed, the fever had departed, and Barbara lay on her bed, very weak, much wasted, and with all the purple glory of her hair shorn from her delicate head, but *safe*; with nothing to do but to get well under the untiring care of faithful doctor and fond friends.

Still, she did not recuperate as rapidly as the physician had reason to expect. Days slipped into weeks, and yet Barbara lay there the pale shadow of her beautiful self.

Herman fretted himself into a thinness and paleness almost equal to hers, and not natural to his Dutch constitution; but Barbara would not have him in her room, let him beg ever so pitifully, and time dragged as it had never done before. Denied her company, and suffering from a sort of remorse, he was anything but happy at the state of affairs.

Finally the doctor told Peter that his daughter's illness must be of the mind; that there was no physical reason why she should not have been up and about long ago—"she does not try to get well," said he; and then the two old gentlemen talked over Barbara's love-affair with the Englishman—for the doctor had long been confidant and adviser in Peter's household—and fretted because they could not invent some way to straighten the tangled thread.

"She will not allow me to speak about Delorme," said the father. "I dare not mention his name. It's first love or no love with her, the proud puss! and she will have nothing to say to him—don't care what his explanations are, so long as the fact exists that he was once married."

"As to Delorme, I've no idea where he is; suppose he returned to England, but he may be in Oregon for all I know. He is about as high-strung as Barbara—went off the night she dismissed him, and none of us have heard from him since. They are both breaking their hearts, like a couple of fools, I dare say. Doctor, something *must* be done. The child is pining to death."

But what was to be done when proud Barbara would not permit even her fond old father to mention the forbidden name in her presence? There she lay, perhaps not speaking for hours, except to thank her friends for their life-attentions, accepting their love, their gifts of flowers, books, jewels, her food and medicine, all with the same patient but listless smile.

One thing Barbara used to puzzle over a great deal during the days when she lay there trying to die; but she was too obstinate to allow her father to explain what she desired so much to know.

"It seemed papa knew that Delisle had not only married but that the woman he married was living. There must then have been a divorce. Doubtless for good cause—I will do Delorme that justice!—and the woman looked capable of making him very wretched!—but why did not papa tell me all before allowing me to accept him? Then there never would have been this dreadful mistake and breaking-off. For I never, never should have accepted a man's second love! Now, nothing on earth can ever again make me respect Delorme. For he *lied* to me, yes, told me a falsehood! I can never forgive that—never love a man who has told me a deliberate untruth. He said I was the first woman he had ever loved. He concealed his miserable history. Love him? no! I despise him, scorn him!"

And then Barbara—if alone—would cry as if her heart would break—cry, till her tears were all shed, and relapse into the hopeless calm which so discouraged her friends.

"Love him, no!" she said to herself; yet *they* saw that she was dying for love of him all the time.

And so the Indian summer days slipped by, the dreary days of November blew and the first light snow fell.

One day aunt Margaret came into the invalid's room with a small package in her hand. Barbara was sitting up, in a large arm-chair, near the window, her head leaned against the back of the chair, her eyes fixed in deep reverie on a tassel of the curtain. She did not hear her aunt enter. The spinster drew a chair to her side, laid an affectionate hand on the wasted one of the invalid, and said, after a little hesitation:

"Here is something which the lady whose life you saved left for you, with injunctions not to give it to you until you were well. I dare say it is some present which her gratitude has prompted her to make you. She did not say what it was, and the package was sealed—so I do not know."

Barbara shrunk as the package was laid in her lap; the aunt went on:

"She called regularly to inquire after you, for some time; seeming very grateful to you and deeply interested; but I believe she has now returned to Europe. It seems she was a traveler, of some wealth and distinction. I dare say you will hear from her again, Barbara. It would be strange if you did not, after what you risked for her—after 'the heroic conduct of the beautiful Miss Rensselaer,' as the papers have it," added aunt Margaret, with a smile.

"I never want to hear from her," cried poor Barbara, with a shiver. "I am sorry she left this. Put it away, auntie dear, I can't look at it to-day."

"Poor dear, no! I dare say it would recall your sufferings; I am sorry I showed it to you just yet," and the lady arose and placed the packet in one of Barbara's drawers, not dreaming *how* or *why* her niece suffered at sight of it; for Herman's lips had been sealed as to who the lady was whom Barbara had saved from death, and she had never mentioned it.

"I want to talk to you a little," said aunt Margaret, returning to her seat and her hold of Barbara's hand. "I don't want to trouble you, or excite you—but you know how we are all worried about you, Barbara, dear! You *won't* get well!"

"How can I help that, auntie?"

"You can help it, my dear; you know you can—by being happy. There is more than one man in the world, Barbara. Because you are disappointed in *one* that is no reason why you should remain indifferent to others. We all know there is such a thing as true love in the world. There is a man who has long loved you—loved you for years!—whom you can trust—whom we all know—whose history lies plainly before us—about whom there is no mystery—no disguise. He loves you, but he has no opportunity to tell you so, now; and he has begged me, implored me, to speak for him, and I promised to do so."

"Who is it?" asked Barbara, coldly, just the faintest tinge of color coming into her pale cheeks—just the faintest sparkle of curiosity into her great, sad eyes.

"Do you not guess?"

"I have not the least idea, aunt. And perhaps you had best not tell me; for, be it what it will, he is nothing to me. There is not a man on the face of the earth I would marry. It will save him some mortification for you to say nothing about him to me."

"But I have promised him; and nothing else will satisfy him."

"Well, I give you fair warning, aunt. I like no man, save my own good papa. Loved me for years?—that is curious; and, besides, I do not believe it. Does papa know about it?"

"Not yet. I have him to persuade, too."

"You are very good-natured, aunt Margaret."

"Well, you see, I am not without a personal interest in him. I know him very well. And I sincerely wish you to try to think favorably of his suit. He is honest and faithful, if not brilliant. You certainly begin to see who I mean."

"I certainly don't, aunt."

"Then I shall have to speak out more plainly. I mean—"

"Oh, aunt, don't tell me his name! I don't care to hear. His case is utterly hopeless, and why should you betray him?"

"I will not think his case hopeless. It is true he is not so graceful, so *au fait* to all the little gallantries of society; but he is *honest*, and he *loves* you. Surely, Barbara, you might learn, by degrees, to esteem your cousin Herman—"

Barbara gave a little scream.

"Herman!"

"Why, yes. Are you really astonished?"

"Profoundly, I assure you. Do not say another word, aunt Margaret—not one word. I cannot bear it. Herman!"

"Yes—he loves you, desperately. He is pining to a shadow—almost as thin as you are. I did not like the idea at first. He is not good enough for you. I told him so. If you were to be thrown in their way, you could marry dukes and princes, Barbara! no doubt of that! Few are good enough for you! But Herman is *reliable*, and that is a great deal. And he has loved you since you were a child in aprons."

"Aunt," spoke up Barbara, her great, dark, fathomless eyes glowing with something of their old fire, "Herman is not reliable, and he does not love me! He is nothing more nor less than that despicable creature—a fortune-hunter! He would like the Rensselaer patrimony, and me, well enough, with it."

"How you talk! Herman a fortune-hunter! Why, he is a most amiable young man, discreet, trustworthy. See how he manages your father's affairs!"

"Very well, in a book-keeper," said proud Barbara, in her haughtiest tones, "but not all-sufficient in a husband."

"His love ought to plead for him, Barbara."

"I tell you he does not love me. Love me! Love the girl whose heart he wrung and tortured purposely! Admit! that he thought me deceived in the man I loved—wanted to rescue me from unhappiness—would that enable him to break my heart with the eager willingness he showed to do so! I saw his malicious triumph over—over that other man. I saw pity to me in his way of breaking the news. Yet you say he *loves* me! Strange love! Aunt Margaret, if there is a man whom I loathe and despise—whom, under any circumstances, I *never* could marry—from whom every fiber of my soul and body shrinks, that man is my cousin Herman! Tell him so at once, and let that end it."

Miss Harlenberg sat confounded. She was not a warm advocate of Herman's; but, in her great anxiety for her niece's health, she had at last taken up his cause and promised to present it before Barbara to the best of her ability.

"I had no idea you felt so toward Herman."

"I have tried to restrain the show of my feelings, because papa found comfort in my cousin, and he was a relative of the family. But had it not been for those considerations, I would have forbidden him ever to speak to me after—after that evening."

"You are very unjust, Barbara. Herman did what he felt to be his duty."

"Humph!" said Barbara, her dark eyes blazing with indignation.











## WHAT A WOMAN'S MADE OF.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Of what is woman made, you ask?  
To tell it all would be a task—  
A theme a great deal could be said of;  
But if you'll listen for a spell,  
I'll rack my memory to tell  
A few things that a woman's made of.

A woman's made of lawns and lace,  
Of finger-rings and whistling stays,  
And pearls to keep the shade off,  
And lengthened trails of silks and such,  
And bonnet-flowers you must not touch,  
And that is what a woman's made of.

Of bows and ties, and earrings fine,  
And gorgeous breast-pins by the mine,  
And paint to keep the shade off,  
And curls and tresses you could steal,  
And yet the thief she'd never feel,  
And these are what a woman's made of.

Of polonaise and furbelows,  
And useless buttons all in rows,  
And bias cuts exactly laid off,  
And braids and buckles, hose and cuffs,  
And these are what a woman's made of.

Of spiral springs and buttoned shoes,  
And bustle that is all in rows,  
And scarf whose color will not fade off,  
And striped hose, and pinkish dress,  
And bodice-strings that make her less,  
And these are what a woman's made of.

Of floundering flounces, flutes and plumes,  
And ribbons from the finest looms,  
And pins a man-of-war's afraid of,  
And edgings fine, and combs and chains,  
And fan, and kid, and glove and hair,  
And these are what a woman's made of.

Nine tailors work to make a man:  
A woman's on a different plan,  
For which a hundred men are paid off,  
Since countless factories and hands  
Are hard at work to meet demands  
For things of which a woman's made of.

## Yankee Boys in Ceylon:

## THE CRUISE OF THE FLYAWAY.

BY C. D. CLARK,  
AUTHOR OF "IN THE WILDERNESS," "ROD  
AND RIFLE," "CAMP AND CANOE," ETC.

## VI.—THE RED ANTS. THE DYING ELK.

THE villages of the Cingalese were left behind, and they plunged into the midst of the forest of Kandy. That forest covered the ground which, two hundred years before, had upheld flourishing cities and the grand monuments of Eastern skill. But the cities were gone and only the ruins of the temples and palaces, which time could hardly destroy, remained to mark the spot where the cities had been. The elephant, the tiger and the buffalo made their haunts amid the crumbling relics of the civilization passed away. Miles away from any village, surrounded by trackless forests and jungles, they made their camp, and prepared for the battle with the greater game which they had not yet met.

Up to this time Will Wade had been lucky. Fortune had given it into his hands to have the laugh upon his brothers in every instance, but the time was coming when he was to get into trouble himself. After the first night in their new camp Will, Ned and Richard, accompanied only by the charmer and the two dogs, left the camp for the purpose of killing small game for the camp supply. They carried their rifles in case they should meet any game which their shot-guns could not touch, and double-barreled pieces for the smaller game. Will was a little in advance, for the rest had halted to drink at a beautiful spring, when, as the boy passed under a tree, something which looked like a bent and decrepit old man, with a flowing beard, bent suddenly from the branches above him and snatched his gun from his hands. It was the gray-bearded monkey of Ceylon, and one of the largest kind. Will uttered a yell of anger as he saw his beautiful gun going up into the hands of this grinning satyr to the very top of one of the huge talipot trees, the leaves of which, spreading out like umbrellas, completely screened him from view. Will, who had a quick temper, literally danced with rage as he bent shot after shot from his revolver flying up into the tree, in which this remarkable thief had taken refuge. The other members of the party, who had seen the theft, fell to the earth in convulsions of laughter.

"What do you mean by lying there, tearing up the ground and laughing at me? Why don't you help me to get my gun, you block-heads?" roared Will.

Even the grim Charmer smiled at the situation. He knew well that it would be useless to attempt to get the monkey down, and as long as he kept himself concealed among the great leaves of the tree they could not get a shot at him. Will, nearly beside himself with rage, was running up and down in front of the tree, trying to get sight of his invisible foe, when the monkey made his appearance, walking across the trailing vines which passed from one tree to another. Midway between the trees he paused and fixed his eyes upon the party below, who began to cock their rifles. There is nothing on earth which a monkey will not try to imitate, and he began to pull at the hammer of his gun, in imitation of them.

"Stop," said the Charmer. "Do not fire at him, and you will see some sport."

He lifted the light gun which he carried and fired at graybeard. He had managed to cock the gun in some way, and was holding it in both hands, with the butt against his breast, when he accidentally touched the trigger.

Bang! Will uttered a cry of delight as he saw the monkey fly off the vine, literally kicked from his perch as the butt of the gun struck him in the breast. He loosed his hold of the weapon, and it came rattling down through the leaves, while the gray thief, turning a double somersault, came tumbling after. Half way down he caught a swaying bough and hung suspended. Before they could fire he sprang up rapidly, and was again concealed among the leaves of the talipot, probably the most astonished monkey in the wilderness of Ceylon. The boys laughed until the tears ran down their cheeks, and even the staid Charmer condescended to smile again.

Will picked up his gun with a crestfallen look, and proceeded to load the empty barrel. He was one of those practical jokers who can appreciate a good joke better when it is on some one else, and the laughter of his brothers did not please him.

"How Sawyer will laugh when we tell him," said Dick. "I'd give fifty dollars to have had him here."

"Oh, yes; wait until you get into a scrape and see how you like it," replied Will. "I'll get even with you before we get through with this hunt."

"If you do the laugh will be on us," said Dick. "Come along."

Will, who was rather sulky at the ill luck which had befallen him, again ran on in advance, followed by his gun-bearer, the man they had hired in Colombo to take the place of "Luke McGincke." He wanted to get ahead of

the rest somehow, for if he could only kill something before they got a chance he would have the best of them.

"Young master sahib," said the bearer. "You be careful; s'pose you meet elephant, you git kill."

"I am not afraid of an elephant," replied the boy, haughtily.

"You not afraid, maybe; s'pose elephant come, you be sorry."

They were passing through a little open glade, in the midst of which arose a number of conical mounds, nearly three feet high. Hearing a noise in front, Will leaped on one of these to look ahead, in spite of the warning cry of the bearer and the shouts of the Charmer, who was close behind. No sooner had his feet struck the mound than he went up to his shoulders in a dry powder-like earth, while a cackle of delight broke from the lips of the bearer.

Hardly had Will's feet touched the solid earth below the mound when he was suddenly attacked in all parts of his body by savage bites, almost like the sting of bees. The bearer caught him by the shoulder and dragged him out, followed by myriads of gigantic red ants, into whose palace he had broken. They swarmed about him like bees, and he danced in agony, while he tried in vain to free himself of his troublesome enemies.

"Pull off your clothes, sahib," cried the Charmer. "It is the only way."

Assisted by the two natives, his clothes were rapidly stripped off and flung aside, while they brushed off the insects which were clinging to his person, biting fiercely. Ned and Dick were forced to turn away to hide their laughter, for Will was mad enough to commit crime if he had seen that laughing now. At last he stood, a nude statue, with a hundred lumps rising on all parts of his body, where he had been bitten. The Charmer gave his clothes to the bearer, and ordered him to turn and shake them, brushing off every ant before he brought them back.

"Now, don't laugh," said Will, grinding his teeth. "I am patient, I am very patient."

And to prove it, he foamed at the mouth! "It is not pleasant, I believe," said Ned, "but upon my word, I should have laughed—Yah! Take em' off, some one! Oh, thunder and turf, blood and bones! The thieves have got on me!"

Some of the scattered enemy had swarmed up Ned's trousers legs, while he stood laughing at Will, and had given him a taste of the fun. Instantly Ned was transformed into a raving maniac, dancing wildly about, and undressing himself more quickly than he had ever done before.

"How do you like it?" demanded Will. "If some of them would only pitch into Dick now, I could die happy."

The Charmer had hurried away and now came back with a quantity of leaves, which he rapidly crushed to a pulp between two stones. This done, he anointed the body of the boy with the pulp, and although it made him dance at first, the result was soon apparent in the rapid subsiding of the numerous bunches. Ned, who had only been bitten in a few places, was next attended to, and after they had satisfied themselves that none of the obnoxious insects remained in their clothing, they went on.

"You are learning natural history very fast, Will," said Richard. "You know something of the habits of the bearded monkey, and have investigated the inner structure of the ant hill."

"Oh, it is all right," replied Will. "You have got the best of me this time, but by George! if you don't give me a chance to laugh at you before we go back to camp, then I am a jackass, that's all."

But Will no longer marched in front. He was satisfied that the Kandians were better acquainted with the ways of these forests than he was, and quite content to let them go in front.

They were now approaching a "tank" or pond to which the wild animals came to drink, and the bearers gave the word for caution. At last they reached a place where a path, beaten hard by the feet of heavy animals, led through a defile.

"This is the place," said the Charmer. "They must come this way to get out of the tank and you must give it to them when they come out. Remember that it is deer we want now, to make food for the camp."

The hunters were planted upon the high rocks on each side of the defile, from which they could pour the shot into the game as it passed, eight or ten feet below them. Will's bearer, accompanied by Pete, now left them, running along the side of the ravine toward the tank. The bellowing of the buffalo, the peculiar whistle of the deer, and the grunting of hogs, could be heard not far away. Half an hour passed, and the crashing discharge of the guns—which the bearers had taken with them—and their shrill cries, echoed through the rocky glen. Hardly had this been done when the noises at the tank increased, and thousands of game birds, hares and such small game, went down the pass. Behind them the earth shook under the tread of coming hoofs and they knew that the huge game was coming.

First came a drove of hogs, wild with fear, their white teeth gleaming as they dashed down the pass. Next a herd of small deer, somewhat like the American red deer. Upon these the boys opened with their revolvers, for they were capital meat. Next came a drove of buffalo, making the earth shake beneath their feet, and Will brought down a fat cow and calf, while the rest, not having so many shots to throw away, waited and not in vain, for behind the buffalo came a dozen elk, their great antlers tossing in the air. Every rifle was thrown forward, and as the elk dashed into the pass, shot after shot rained down upon them; and when they passed on, five elk, six red deer, and the buffalo cow and calf, lay extended on the sod.

"A grand battue," said Dick, as he sprang down into the pass. "We may as well butcher these fellows, and get them ready for the camp."

He walked up to the nearest elk, a gigantic fellow, with great branching antlers, and seizing him by the prong of the antler, drew his knife from its sheath and inserted the point in the loose skin upon the throat. He had scarcely done so when he was hurled backward with tremendous force, as the elk, which was only wounded, strove to regain his feet. Richard, still clinging to the antler, undressed to strike, but the agile brute forced him back by sheer power of muscle, the extended antlers keeping him so far away that he could not strike any vulnerable part. Snorting with rage and pain, the mingled blood and foam dropping from his parted lips, and his feet stamping on the hard soil, the deer fought on. So suddenly had he arisen, that as luck would have it, every rifle was empty, and not a revolver in the party had a full chamber. Ned shook out the empty shells from his revolver, and pressed others in as rapidly as he could, before he sprang down to aid his brother. Then he leaped headlong from the rocks, just as the elk shook off Rich-

ard's hold upon the antler and dashed at him with his head lowered.

Richard bounded rapidly aside and at the same moment a ball from Ned's revolver struck the elk near the base of the antler, driving him to utter madness. Whirling on his hind feet like a pivot, he dashed straight at Ned, regardless of the shower of balls which he sent at him. Close by his side ran Dick, his bloody knife grasped and ready for a blow. The elk rose in the air, intending to crush the brave lad beneath his fore feet, when Richard, darting in, buried his long bowie to the very hilt in his heart. The elk gave a gasping sob, and fell like a log at the very feet of the young hunters.

"Well done, Dick," cried Ned. "Now take a lesson from a younger hunter than yourself, and never touch an elk until you are sure he is dead."

"We have always something to learn on the hunting grounds," replied Richard. "One thing is certain; you have saved my life."

And the brothers shook hands over the body of the slain elk.

## My Jealousy.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

I was never jealous but once in my life—and by that agony-suggesting word "jealous" I mean the full measure of torture that comes to no heart as it comes to a loving woman's heart whose entire wealth of adoring affection is bestowed without stint on the loved, accepted one. Men may think they have suffered the pangs of the monster, but from the very nature of things, from the undeniable truth that women are so much more trusting and worshipping than men, it follows that the trusting, worshipping ones are better capacitated for the horrible suffering.

Of course there was another woman in the case beside myself, and what made it so much worse, was the fact that she was as beautiful as she could well have been, and enchanting and accustomed to the admiration of men, while I was plain and so ordinary in manner that one of the wonders of my life was that Harry Lorne had ever seen or discovered anything in me to love. That he had, I accepted with awe and thankfulness, and gave him every whit of the devotion, the affection he wanted. We had been so thoroughly happy until Nellie Newell came to spend the winter with the Carringtons, and as the Carringtons and the Lornes and my family were very intimate, of course we all saw a great deal of each other—and considerably more than a great deal, it seemed to me, of Miss Newell; and this fact, added to the one that, from the very first, Harry had expressed the most extravagant admiration, made me begin to dislike her before I had any legitimate reason for doing so.

Looking back to-day, while the mood is on me for recalling those times, I can see how lovely Miss Newell was, and actually feel amused, for the moment, that I always so obstinately disputed her title to beauty, whenever any one canvassed her appearance. But only for a moment, for the horrible agony of that time has left an ineffaceable impression on me that leaves no room for more than passing amusement when I recall it, as I so seldom do.

The contrast between Miss Newell and I was vividly striking. She was a blonde of the purest, fairest type, with the most bewitching blue eyes that ever drooped under golden-fringed lashes—eyes that had a way of their own, that could send such glances, so full of caressing tenderness and ardent meaning, while the faultless rosebud of a mouth would be demure and grave, or dimpling smiling in the most innocent manner imaginable.

Such a lovely girl, all pale pink and dainty blue, and peer, with her low, her low, melodious confidential voice, and her eloquent, dangerous eyes, and her sweet, shy graciousness of manner—and I, dark, and pale, and reticent, and with only the "abominable straightforward, out-and-out way" I had that Harry so often laughed about, to recommend me—no, there was more—the great, overwhelming, idolatrous passion of love I gave my lover, in exchange for which, and plain me, I had him in all his god-like beauty, his princely manners, his great fortune, and his love for me. I never could quite understand how he came to care for me, and once, when he was unusually grave, I asked him how he ever could have passed by so many desirable women and chosen me, he suddenly took me in his arms and held me strained to his heart, and only answered me by a thrilling whisper—"Oh, M'aine, my little darling!"

He always called me "M'aine," and the graceful fancy of making the French words answer to a diminutive of my Christian name, pleased us both.

"It means 'love me,' darling, and I shall always be calling you 'M'aine' in my heart—why not aloud?"

From that, every one came to say "M'aine," but I never seemed like the "M'aine" Harry called me, when he looked at me with his earnest, ardent eyes, that made me thrill from crown to footsole.

I loved him so—he was my realized ideal—yes, even more, because I had never dreamed of such tenderness, such condescending devotion, such overwhelming strength of love-like authority as Harry manifested, and I liked his ways, and his "tyranny" the girls called it, and asked no greater happiness than to know he was my lord and master.

Right into this happiness Nellie Newell brought herself, and my Harry had not been acquainted with her a month before the trouble came, whose memory hurts me as I write.

There had been parties, and one or two balls, and concerts, and carpet dances, and at every one Harry and Miss Newell and I had been—Harry as devoted to me as he always was, but at the same time very attentive to Nellie, whose "waltz step" he declared "suited him to perfection"—I wouldn't waltz, and would sit watching my darling as he whirled around with Nellie's beautiful figure in his arms, and wonder if he had the thousandth part of an idea that it made me feel—not angry, not exactly sorry, but—well, as if I must go tear him away from her, for fear lest he would never want the end of the dance to come.

I know now that was the beginning of my jealousy—but I never gave a sign or a token then of it, but let it go on, until just before the anniversary of our engagement—the first year's anniversary, that I had indulged such sweet, secret hopes Harry would celebrate somehow. But Nellie Newell seemed to have driven it entirely out of his head; he called on her every afternoon regularly, and although several times Elsie and Leo Lorne had spent the afternoon with the Carringtons and Nellie, still, it did not lessen the hurt that I had been ignored, and that Harry and Nellie had been together. But, I never said a word, all those days—I was proud, and so hateful that it was

a wonder that Harry came to me, as one lovely mild morning, a couple of days before our anniversary, he did, with a half-regretful, half-troubled look in his eyes, as he sat down beside me on the lounge where I was sewing, and took my work out of my hands, and laid his handsome head on my shoulder, and wrapped his arms around my waist.

"M'aine, what's the matter? It worries me to see you so still and grave. Little darling, you're not angry with me, are you?"

It wasn't often this lordly lover of mine condescended to sue for even the smallest favor at my hands—he had a way of demanding, with a caressing sort of authority—and this tender little entreaty touched me, and broke down my pride, and made me suddenly lean down and kiss his forehead and make my complaint.

"Harry! not angry with you—never angry with you—but Nellie Newell is coaxing you away from me, and if she succeeds—I shall die!"

That was all I said, and Harry first smiled at my passionate words, then I saw the tenderness deepen in his eyes, and such a grave, sweet look come around his mouth.

"M'aine, I thought you trusted me perfectly. If you did, Nellie Newell nor any other woman could make you fear for me. I have said I loved you."

I was sobbing in his arms now.

"Oh, yes, I know, I know—but she is so pretty, and so fascinating, and Harry, if—"

He interrupted me so lovingly, so patiently. "Darling, there can be no 'if' between us. You seem to dread the influence of Miss Newell's beauty on me. M'aine, little girl, don't you know you have a greater charm than mere physical attractions? Did you never hear of the subtle, indescribable 'something' about some women that cannot be resisted? Darling, that quality is yours—and in your humility, and your over-estimate of me, you wonder why I love you!"

His words, his manner, his kisses should have satisfied me, but, somehow, they didn't. I felt like one who had gained a partial triumph, and who yearned for still further token of victory.

"If that is all true, be unable to resist me this afternoon, Harry. You have an engagement at the Carringtons, I presume—break it, and take me a drive over to Dunellen."

He flushed just a little, then looked coolly at me, then smiled faintly—that haughty, grandly-superior smile he had.

"I am sorry, dear, but you must excuse me to-day. Another time—"

I flamed in a second.

"Thanks very much! 'Another time' will not answer, and I would not think of being so cruel as to take you from Miss Newell, for all it is I who possess the indescribable 'something' that it is impossible to 'resist'—with this present success. Good-morning, Mr. Lorne."

I think my rage must have occurred to him as ridiculously childish, but he courteously smothered the smile in his eyes.

"I am very sorry it has happened so, and I am equally sure you will go with me to-morrow, despite that terrible 'Mr. Lorne.' By-bye, M'aine!"

He didn't try to kiss me, and went away, leaving me in a strange state of shame, fury, misery and disappointment—on which combustible frame of mind the words of Biddy, our servant-girl, fell, a firebrand, five minutes later.

She had come into the sitting-room to replenish the grate fire, and had found me watching Harry down the street, with my eyes full of tears that were caused equally by regret and distress and anger, and her long service in the family excused her officiousness in speaking as she did, while I can offer none in listening to and encouraging her as I did.

"Indade and I'd not be watchin' the loikes of him, Miss Mary—him that's so swate and sugary to the face of yees, and a-gallivantin' around wid that yellow-haired crathur, and Iavin' the loikes of yees to be a-pinin' and a-sighin' after him! I know—me and Flurry Ann Flannagan—her that serves to the Carringtons—we've heard the goin's on wid M'ister Harry and Miss Nellie—and says I, when me and Flurry Ann peeped through the windy and hears the lovin' talk, and the lallygaggin' a-goin' on betwixt him two—says I, 'it's me duty to tell Miss Mary, and give her a friendly warnin'—and I've told yees and done me duty.'"

Biddy regarded me with a curious, half-pleasing interest that added truth to her words—words that stung me, in my then mood, like the bite of a scorpion. I remember how I sprang up from the chair, my heart throbbing, my blood boiling, my senses agonizingly acute. I, the quiet, reticent, "grave little thing!"

"Biddy, are you telling me the truth? Remember—it is an awful thing you say—did you ever hear or see—any—thing—"

For very shame's sake I hesitated, but the girl understood.

"By the name of the blessed Virgin it's the truth I'm tellin' yees! Niver a time did my eyes see, for the lace curtains preinted—but wid the ears of me I heard M'ister Harry a-tellin' her how he loved her, and hate I yees, Miss Mary, and I heard Miss Nellie's own 'fice confess she would ilope wid him on the first convenient opportunity—"

I felt my breath leaving me so that I could only gasp at a disbelieving cry.

"I don't believe it! I don't believe it!"

Biddy took her jappaned coal-scuttle indignantly.

"Indade and it's the first time in mony a year Biddy Mulcahey's words been trowed in her face! And if yees can't take my word, and Flurry Ann's word, supposin' ye goes yer-silf this afternoon and listens at the heater in the kitchen, and hear wid yer own ears, Miss Mary—God love ye, ye poor child!"

Her feelings had, evidently undergone a change—and I—I hardly know now how I ever dared such an act, or how I carried it out, or how it ever happened that I sat crouching by the register in the Carrington house, with not one of the family dreaming I was there—there, and waiting for proofs of my darling's falsity, and Nellie Newell's treachery, and my own misery.

I hadn't to wait long. Harry's voice, undeniably Harry Lorne's, followed closely after some one who had entered the parlors above—Harry's dear voice, that I had been so sure had never said a word of love to a woman but me!

"My dearest! If you only knew how I had waited for this hour when I might see you again—"

So this was the reason he had declined to drive me to Dunellen!

"—And assure you of my ever-increasing love for you—if such love as mine can be capable of an increase."

My heart was turning to stone—oh, why had I come? He went on, in his sweet, sweet voice:

"Dearest—look at me—tell me you will be my own despite the only obstacle that separates us—the woman who claims my name, but who has never touched my heart. Tell me to go to

her, my sweet, and demand my liberty, and then—"

The triumph in that alternative seemed to curdle my very soul. It had come to this—this! My god was a god no more, not so much as human, but only an image of defiling clay! I crouched beside the wall, praying to die rather than hear the voice I loved so truly utter another word so foully cruel.

And then, Nellie Newell's clear, vibrant voice, full of meaning, full of sweetness, came softly, distinctly down to my almost benumbed senses.

"Then—I will be yours! But, do not think it is you alone who chafes under the chains that bind you—do you not know it is killing me—this secret love for you, this pretended friendship for the girl I hate, but to whom, for your dear sake, I must smile and talk, and—"

That was the climax of horror and wrath and anguish and vague yearning for instant revenge—all the pandemonium of emotion into which I was hurled.

I deliberately arose from my post of espionage and went away, out into the dusk of the early winter evening; walked down the street homeward with a sudden calmness and apathetic insensibility that terrifies me now even to remember, coming as it did on the heels of my ungovernable fury.

Then, after I had reached home, and removed my water-proof and gloves and veil, I went down to the library, and deliberately took from a drawer in the cabinet one of my father's pistols—as fully, calmly, dispassionately determined to put an end to Nellie Newell's life as I ever was to perform the most trivial commonplace duty.

How I hated her—how I hated her, for her face, and her voice, and her bewitching manners, that had won my one darling from me. I would cheat him of his satisfaction, however; he should not have her, if I could not have him. For hours I went about with that loaded, cocked pistol lying warmly in my pocket; for hours I was in that state of miraculous calm, with no pangs as my benumbed conscience, no horror at the prospect of sending a soul into eternity, no fear of the consequences.

Then, the mood suddenly changed, broken by the sound of Harry's voice, as he gayly inquired for "little M'aine." I heard it, and flew up-stairs to my room, with wild horror and anguish at sound of his voice asking for me, a would-be criminal. "Little M'aine!" The words smote me like a two-edged sword, and in the same moment I realized what I was doing, what I had attempted.

I put the deadly weapon away where I could not see it, and refused determinedly to go down stairs, despite the message Harry sent up—"Did I remember to-morrow was just a year!"

Then my mood passed to wild rage and fury that he dared come near me, dared speak my name, after his outrageous treachery, and I walked my floor for hours and hours, torn by the demons of the Hades of the soul.

Down-stairs they reported me sick with neuralgic headache, and Harry went away—to Nellie, of course—and the hours grew quiet, and midnight stole on and the dense darkness came that heralds the dawn, before I ceased my restless promenade, exhausted, anguished.

It was the anniversary morning of the day that had made me the happiest woman on earth. One year only—and now, this! I dressed and went down to breakfast, to startle them all with my ghastly face and bistre-circled eyes; to be congratulated—oh, mockery, and to endure—until the next time I saw Harry, when it all should end.

"End!" It never could end for me, till my life ended. Could I live, and know they were together? And my distraught brain seized the morbid idea with the avidity a drowning man manifests when a life-rope is thrown him. I could end it—God was good—He knew all about it—I didn't believe suicide was the "unpardonable sin"—I would die, and end it all!

As the hours of that day passed on, I became more and more accustomed to the idea, and very well content with it; and by the time I had gone to my room to dress for dinner—I remember the grim satisfaction I felt at the idea of my dressing for the last meal I ever would take—I was cool of nerve, and steady of hand when I dropped the laudanum into the glass and set it on my dressing bureau against the time when I should go to bed—never to rise again.

Right into my half-sleeping stoniness of reverie came a note from Leo Carrington, begging me to be at home that evening, as a few friends were coming to have a social time.

It pleased me with a morbid delight, to entertain my friends, my treacherous lover, my deceitful rival, with smiles and pleasant words, and then—go to eternal rest.

So I dressed myself freshly in my most becoming dress—Harry's favorite—an invisible plum-colored silk, en train. I put pearl ornaments in my hair, and a red rose in my throat, and went down to find the front parlor curtains off from the back, and a dozen or so friends enacting the expectant audience.

Then—thinking what a veritable tragedy would be known before many hours, I looked as the curtain rolled up, and saw—Harry Lorne and Nellie Newell, in stately attitude; and heard Harry's voice say, as he rushed forward and took her hand:

"Dearest, if you knew how I had waited for this hour when I might see you again, and assure you of my ever-increasing love for you—"

I listened, with something that seemed like an iron hand relaxing a grip of my very soul. I remember rising gradually from my chair in a wild, frantic panic as I recognized the words, and after that—

It was weeks before I recovered from the brain fever that took me so near the river of Death that Harry almost went crazed with agony; weeks longer before any one knew what it all had meant—and then, not a living soul but my mother and my lover knew, or even suspected my terrible jealousy and its almost fatal result.

Nellie Newell is my dearest friend now—indeed, I insisted that our baby should be named for her, although Harry wanted it M'aine. Nellie is married, and I see her at last as she really is, and as they all saw her then, but my husband almost as much as I do Harry.

So, it is all right now—all but the memory of those dark days that will never quite forsake me.

A country subscriber informs us that while operating a reaping machine the other day one of his cows got in front of it and he soon had "beef a la mode."

Men, says Adam Smith, are naturally un-sentimental. A man will scoop the bottom out of an egg without thinking that the mother of that egg is, perhaps, a hundred miles away, in the rain.

When a